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MR. BRYAN'S
ALARMING
CONTENTIONS.

The "war upon property" progresses. Not only has the Supreme Court of the United States in its Trans-Missouri Association decision delivered a deadly blow at the life and liberty of trusts and the pursuit of other people's money by them, but on Tuesday the same tribunal listened with disheartening calmness to the most incendiary doctrine from William J. Bryan, of Nebraska. That arch disturber can be relied on to give voice always to the sentiment of the dangerous classes—those revolutionary elements of the population who would if they could prevent capital from doing whatever it pleases. Mr. Bryan actually asked the highest court in the land to agree with him in the proposition that railroad companies have no right to use the power of monopoly to extort freight and passenger charges that will enable them to pay dividends on watered stock. A reasonable profit on the investment, he argues, should mean a reasonable profit on the amount of capital that would be required to duplicate the road, not profit on capital wasted or stolen in building. He went further, contending that corporations should not be protected by law against the legitimate business consequences of a natural fall in the value of their property—that the public should not be compelled to bear losses for which the corporations and not the public are responsible. That there may be no misapprehension about the atrocity of Mr. Bryan's contentions, we quote his own language:

The basis which is reasonable in the ordinary business of life must be reasonable when applied to corporations; that which is reasonable to the individual must be reasonable when applied to the corporation. * * * If there be some who can exempt themselves from general conditions, if there be some who can profit by conditions which are unfortunate for others, there is a constant temptation to do what in them lies to continue that unjust or unfortunate condition, or at best they become indifferent to the condition of others. But if they are measured by the rules which measure others; if their rights rest upon the same foundation as the rights of others; if the conditions which affect others injuriously affect them also, then they become interested in seeing with all others for relief from bad conditions and the maintenance of good conditions.

Were these destructive principles carried into practice it is obvious that we should have an end of favoritism in our laws, and the first result would be the disappearance of the whole protective system. Such national blessings as the Dingley bill would be impossible of attainment. And quasi-public corporations like railroads were treated like individual citizens by the law they would vanish from politics and rob State Legislatures of much of their interest; for if corporations were in the enjoyment of no unjust privileges they would have no motive for employing "those sacks which are now used in what is described by our best citizens, who help to fill them, as "legitimate self-defence."

It ought to be plain to everybody by this time that William J. Bryan is an enemy of capital, for if capital may not combine and protect itself in the privilege of taking from common men what it does not earn, where are the great fortunes, and the luxury and refinement to which they give rise, to come from? Let Mr. Bryan have his way and money would cease to govern this Republic. And what would become of the national honor then?

THE
PREPOSTEROUS
ELLSWORTH
BILL.

It is announced that Boss Platt has been ordered to pass the Anti-Corruption bill and to Governor Black to sign it. We can hardly think that Thomas C. Platt is such a fool as this report implies. The cartoonists made free with Mr. Platt, certainly, and they will continue to do so while they deem him worth their attention. Also they will continue to employ their pencils with satires and performances of such of the statesmen of Albany as may earn the distinction. The small and amusingly revengeful persons who are pushing a preposterous measure will find that it is beyond power to destroy the pictorial papers or to protect their guilt and folly from exposure, and, when ridiculed by the daily press. The world has travelled so far along the road that leaves tyranny behind to make a backward journey of the Ellsworth-bill kind at the behest of a State Legislature. The people of New York understand the situation perfectly and know of what value a free press is to them.

If Boss Platt objects to being cartooned he has his remedy. Let him cease to give occasion for the pictured stripes that goad him. And this advice is good for all sore and silly politicians to take as well as Boss Platt.

THE GREAT
RIVER
PROBLEM.

In the world is subject to such tremendous overflow; none has been the scene of such frequently recurring devastation as the Hoang Ho or Yellow River of China alone excepted. That the problem has not been adequately dealt with in the land of immobility, of scientific ignorance, and of financial corruption is not a matter of marvel. That in the United States, the country where the application of science to practical use and convenience has made such a giant's march, and where this knowledge is concurrent with immense national wealth and public enterprise, no greater progress has been reached in imprisoning the Mississippi flood, which shakes its yellow mane so terribly from April to June, is something to provoke marvel.

The great inundation which is making such misery and ruin this year, the worst river deluge so far as now appears since 1874, awakens fresh attention to this insistent problem. The difficulties are great, but there cannot be anything in these so obscure in cause or Titanic in fact which science and money cannot grapple with successfully. If the Holland dikes can shut out the sea from the alluvial plains of the Netherlands there is no reason why the Mississippi levees should not be similarly adequate. That the problem depends on a properly constructed and administered system of levees seems to be the conclusion of the ablest experts. All other theories of river engineering have been gradually abandoned. The Mississippi River Commission which made its report in 1875 went into this subject very thoroughly, and its conclusions have never been controverted. The difficulty does not lie in ignorance of cause, conditions and methods of treatment, but in confusion, over questions of jurisdiction and administration. When it was proposed to organize Government action to construct and maintain the levees, successful opposition to assumption by the United States of the work of construction was made on so-called constitutional grounds, and it never was made a question before the Supreme Court, but the matter was summarily dropped. Since then the States have had charge of the great river dilemma, the United States limiting its help to the determining and deepening of channels.

That the States have done their best to protect themselves without saying. But that the nine States so

unequally interested in confining the annual flood should be able to act with the unity of design and the efficiency of method which would lie within the easy reach of the central government is impossible. The whole rationale of the problem insists that it should be a national work. It is of immense interest to the prosperity of the whole country, and if Government undertaking is unconstitutional (so far, however, only a matter of opinion and guesswork), the sooner the Constitution is tinkered to fit the need the better. However great the cost the benefits would pay back a huge interest far outswelling pawnbrokers' rates. The States mainly interested could also be made to contribute largely to cost and maintenance. An impregnable system of levees is quite within scientific reach, but only under direct charge of the National Government. Any other method will always be patchwork and rubbish. The question of river discharge would be a section of the problem. The Eads jetty system has been an object of serious criticism, though it has made New Orleans a reliable port for big ships. It has been claimed that it fails to discharge a flood with sufficient rapidity, and that in great inundations the setback and waters aggravates the river rise enormously. This and all other questions should be relegated to a permanent Government bureau, and every phase of the work belong to national enterprise. Then and only then will we have results worthy of our greatness as a people, and save within a few years many times more millions than the undertaking will cost.

THE
CHANDLER
POOLING BILL.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, has never hitherto enjoyed the distinction of being an arch-humorist. He has rather been known as a pug-nacious intellectual bruiser, fond of giving hard blows and quite ready to take them in the way of Senatorial fistfights. Senator Foraker's Pooling bill, which is designed to evade the logical consequences of the late Supreme Court decision adverse to the Trans-Missouri Traffic Association, has given the New Hampshire Senator the opportunity to display his talent for satire, for Mr. Foraker is a gentleman who takes himself very seriously, as one who trumpets to the world:

I am Sir Oracle;

When I open my mouth let no dog bark.

The barking has been done in Mr. Chandler's case to very good purpose.

Mr. Foraker's bill provides for the maintenance of the rights of railroads, under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to pool their interests and prevent that cutting of rates which is the inevitable result of open competition. A pronouncement against this theory of business was involved in the Supreme Court decision, which placed railway combinations of this sort on the same plane with other business combinations, and thereby within the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

Mr. Chandler's reductio ad absurdum will at once appeal to those who have a sense of humor. It properly takes for granted, as the Supreme Court declared, that a similar justification supports a railway trust as a sugar trust, and proceeds with the utmost gravity to propose that merchants, manufacturers and producers of commodities may contract together to maintain prices under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That important institution comes in under the suggestion of Mr. Chandler's facetious proposition as a convenient cover for any commercial iniquity, whereby combinations, which would otherwise get themselves wrecked on legal snags, may go on as of old.

Nothing could be neater than his application of a parallel, and the logic is felicitous. If the railway combinations, known as traffic associations, have been correctly interpreted by Judge Peckham and his colleagues, the great magnates of sugar, steel, rubber, flour, tobacco, etc., have precisely the same rights to protection as the railroads. So a like rule should be applied. No more effective way of showing up a fraudulent and tricky scheme exists than by paraphrasing it in the form of an analogy. Mr. Foraker's bump of self-esteem has been hit hard by this sly crack over the cranium, and we hope, if he sees stars in consequence, that they will be illuminating to what does duty inside the skull.

THE RESULT
OF AMERICAN
BACKBONE.

Because Venezuela has ratified the arbitration treaty with England, arranged for the settlement of the boundary question by the United States, the supporters of the Olney-Salisbury treaty lift up their voices in glad acclaim and again utter their commonplace as to the superiority of arbitration over war as a method of compromising differences between civilized States. All is fish that comes to the net of the contemporary Quaker, or the case of Venezuela assuredly would not be cited as one of the fruits of a lamblike international policy. On the contrary, it is entirely satisfactory evidence that so long as England is made to understand that the United States will fight in support of any contention put forth, England will discreetly abandon her position. To quote Michael Davitt: "The arbitrators are constantly pointing out the danger of a war between the United States and England. There is no such danger. America has licked England twice and can do it again, but she will never have the chance. England doesn't intend going to war, except with some little country like Greece, that has scarcely a Gatling gun."

It was because President Cleveland threatened war that England consented to arbitrate with Venezuela. The pill was bitter, but Great Britain swallowed it, nevertheless. We want nothing from England but what is just, and should occasion arise at any time for arbitration she will make no difficulty about granting us our wish—provided we have men of sense and spirit in control at Washington, and not flabby sentimentalists.

It is explained that Chairman Dingley well understands that the retroactive clause in his bill is unconstitutional and that he fully expects the Senate to strike it out. Its presence is said to be due to the wonderful reasoning of Mr. Grosvenor, who thinks it will have a "raw head and bloody bones" effect on the importers who are disposed to prepare for the advent of the new tariff law and work a corresponding benefit to the Treasury. As the new tariff is to be such a great revenue producing institution, and the Treasury is soon to carry a surplus through its workings, it is difficult to understand why the House should descend to such nursery tricks to harass the business interests of the country.

For a section of the country that entered the last campaign on a strict civil service and currency reforming basis New England is clamoring for and receiving a great many desirable places at the hands of the new Administration.

If the Supreme Court will take the trouble to look about it will perceive that its frantic cries are recruited largely from the ranks of the gentlemen who were so busy last year in defending its right to change its decisions.

The country is led to infer from the remarks of Mr. Depew and other railway magnates that, owing to the wickedness of the Supreme Court, returning prosperity may be forced to go back and make another start.

Owing to a lack of orders the Tom Platt Sunday-school has been compelled to close. Does this look like a return of prosperity?

Paris from
Day to Day.

PARIS, March 27.—All Paris is agitated just at present over what the newspapers hysterically term "the massacre of the Champs Elysees." The crime consisting in a grant on the part of the Municipal Council to a steam tramway company to lay its tracks across this beautiful and famous thoroughfare at the most picturesque spot between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe, the "Bond Point," where it is intersected by the Avenue d'Antin, Montaigne and Malmaison. The grant of the Municipal Council only permits the tramway line to cross the Champs Elysees on the Avenue d'Antin which it already disfigures; but the discussion has already brought on a class warfare in the newspapers, the Municipal Council and even the Chamber of Deputies, where the matter was taken on appeal to the Minister of Public Works. The aristocrats insist that their magnificent driveway shall not be contaminated by a vulgar tramway carrying the laboring people at a low rate of fare, and the communistic element declares that the right of the people in the public thoroughfares is paramount to the exclusive privileges of the aristocracy. For instance, M. Champoudry, of the Municipal Council, asked to be informed during the debate on the question why, if painted ladies were allowed to drive in the Champs Elysees, the honest working people should not be permitted the same privilege in a democratic tramcar. "We did not make ten revolutions and throw up barricades," said M. Champoudry, "to make Paris the 'cabinet parlied' of Europe. It should be an austere and democratic city." Figaro furiously assails M. Champoudry and his following, comparing them to "those specialists of monomania or hatred who snip off the hair of young girls in the street or soil the costumes of well-dressed women with filthy liquids." "While true Parisians, and especially those inhabiting the Champs Elysees quarter, are to blame for not having protested at the preliminary inquiry," says Figaro, "this is no reason why an act of vandalism should be permitted. Workingmen, artisans, would, we are confident, have the common sense to understand that the work and prosperity of Paris are dependent upon luxury, and that it is only by leaving to those quarters especially frequented by foreigners their aristocratic and sumptuous character that movement and life can be attracted to and retained in this great city. But what use to talk political economy with these parlor brawlers of the Municipal Council! They will assume attitudes a la Robespierre and Fouquier-Tinville, and will respond with insults instead of argument." Meanwhile the tramway company is preparing to lay its tracks and another victory of the people over the aristocracy in Paris goes on record.

Montmartre, the centre to-day of local bohemia, is mourning—If, indeed, Montmartre ever mourns anything—the deaths of three of her central figures, all of which have occurred this month. Henry Pille, the artist, was the first to go; Jules Jouy, the song writer, died in an insane asylum, and was followed three days later by Rudolphe Salis, the "gentleman cabaretier," or "gentleman saloon keeper," as he was known. All these names were almost household words in Paris, and are scarcely known in France. It was Salis who established the Chat Noir and made a fortune thereby, and the chronicles of the song writers, literateurs and artists he gathered about him are a part of French literary history. One of Salis's boasts was: "Dieu a crée le monde, Napoleon la Legion d'Honneur; moi, j'ai fait Montmartre," whereby he intended to convey the impression that while God had created the world and Napoleon the Legion of Honor, he, Salis, had made Montmartre. The Temps, in an obituary notice, declares that it cannot be denied that Salis's influence on the literature and morals of the time was considerable. Whether that influence was good or bad is another question. The bohemia element loved Salis because he gave them credit for drinks and took it out of the Philistines and foreigners who were brought to the Chat Noir by curiosity. Surely a distinguished visitor, even to Paris who was not taken to see this real hostelry of real artists. One newspaper sums up the patronage of the establishment as: "All Paris, grand dames, hereditary princes," and, greatest compliment of all, "General Boulanger at the height of his fame." An odd coincidence, or something else, has been noted by all the Paris newspapers in connection with the deaths of Jouy and Salis. Five years ago the two were engaged in conversation in the presence of several friends, who attest the truth of the incident, when Salis began a sentence: "When you die"—Jouy interrupted him with: "When I die you will have only three days to live." Jouy died in an insane asylum in Paris, where he had been confined for more than a year. Salis, who was ill at Chatelerault—too ill to be informed of the death of his friend—died just three days later.

It is a pleasure, for several reasons, to record the triumphant success of Miss Mabel Davidson, the American skater, who has just concluded a three months' engagement at the Palais de Glace in the Champs Elysees. One reason is because Miss Davidson is a very genuine American girl, who is making her own way in the world and whose conduct in a trying situation reflects credit upon American womanhood. She has been pursued by all the mashers in Paris, and assisted by an able chaperon in the person of an English lady, has kept them all at a proper distance. The amougeuse to which she has been put by these polished ruffians would be incredible anywhere outside of France. For the first month of her engagement at the Palais de Glace she was swarmed from half a dozen to a score of beautifully dressed Frenchmen with winning smiles, would wait outside of her dressing room door at the conclusion of her afternoon and evening exhibitions, escort her and her chaperon in a body to their cab, proffering cards and paying her high compliments in French, which the young lady does not understand, and even make efforts to enter the vehicle with them. The mashers followed the cab to her hotel and made every effort to force themselves upon her attention there, attempting to bribe the servants to show them her room. It was a long time before they could be made to understand that a girl who earned her own living by giving public exhibitions of skating could resist the temptation to form such charming acquaintance. It is worth making a note of for young women who skate, that Miss Davidson's salary at the Palais de Glace was 2,700 francs, or \$500 per week, but it should be remembered that she is without doubt the best "fancy" skater in the world. The last of her successful European tour is to be given a performance before the Prince of Wales, by reason of the circumstance that that blase sport does not care to see anything that is not highly recommended. Miss Davidson will give an exhibition on artificial ice to the Prince and a few of his chosen friends in London on his return from the Riviera. FRANK M. WHITE.

TEDDY THE TAR'S TRIUMPH;
Or, the Deputy Ruier of Uncle Sam's Navee and the Political Pirates.

A Nautical Operetta in One Salty Act.

(Scene—The Cob Deck of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. United States men-of-war, gayly decorated, riding at anchor in the East River. Jack tars, marines and humboat women grouped on the deck awaiting the appearance of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy that is to be, Theodore Roosevelt. They sing with much enthusiasm, grog-stimulated.)

Oh, Teddy disports on the crest of the wave,
Like an admiral brave and free,
And Tommy kerdlops in the deep coral cave—
He was wrecked last June, don't you see?
The more Tommy whirls in the swirls of the flop
Of St. Louis, he means at his fate,
The more Teddy toots a farewell to the cop,
The more is the navy elate.

(Enter Mr. Roosevelt wearing a Rear Admiral's chapeau and the uniform of a Chief of Police. All prostrate themselves. He unships a spyglass from his belt and surveys the offing. A marine on the poop deck of the flagship discharges his musket.)

MR. ROOSEVELT (much alarmed)—What's that?
AGED TAR (touching his cap)—That, yer Honor, is the official salute for a sucking Secretary of the Navy—a very small gun.
MR. ROOSEVELT (showing his teeth)—Small gun, eh? If I knew that marine's name, I'd break him. But, small gun or great gun, I accept. (Sings hilariously.)



(Enter Marcus Aurelius Hanna, very glum.)

MR. ROOSEVELT (with much sympathy)—Kind friend, don't let the news from Ohio overwhelm you. Think of Platt. In or out of the Senate, you are still Boss. What are your troubles to him? Be philosophical.

SENATOR HANNA (cheering up)—True for you, Roosevelt, my boy. In the words of Omar Kayyam, we didn't do a thing to Platt, eh? Philosophical, you say? How's this? (Sings.)

There's a loss for each man,
And a gain for each loss,
But a whirlwind of pain
Suites the Dead Easy Boss,
When he dreams of St. Louis and Morton,
Which knocked him for aye off his boss.
On the throne of his hopes,
He is knocked all askew—
While for Roosevelt he slopes,
He is sore through and through.
And a spritz on his Tom Reed is p'p'ing
The downfall of little Me, Too.

Oh, the rose that's most fair,
In the tempest is tost,
And you cannot get there
With the caucus that's lost.
Fate's finger now points from St. Louis,
And the Dead Easy Boss is un-loosed.

(Enter Sen. for Platt, wearing the cap and bells.)

MR. PLATT (disgustedly)—I've made a blooming fool of myself. I feel most gay when kicking my late lamented self.

McKinley, he remembers

The traps I set last June,
To knock himself completely
And Hanna out of tune;
To glad the house of Morton
I struggled hard indeed,
Although my fondest efforts
Were in the ranks of Reed.
Now I'm indorsing Roosevelt,
And much against my will—
While Hanna and McKinley
Remember, 'member still.
Oh, you can bet your dollars
I wasn't quite elate

When I was busy writing
The very latest state
Of Roosevelt, Bidwell, Wakeman,
And all that blooming lot,
Including Croft and Lester,
F. Stearns and C. Van Cott,
Who licked the postage stamps,
And licked them with a will.
But Hanna and McKinley
Remember, 'member still.

McKinley, he remembers
Last June the smite I smote,
The bill of disappointment
Ne'er wears a sugar coat.
Now Roosevelt's for the Navy,
And I am on the shelf.
I feel most gay when kicking
My late lamented self.
And, though, when at St. Louis,
Their seals I didn't spill,
Mark Hanna and McKinley
Remember, 'member still.

MR. PLATT (resignedly)—Well, I'll pretend to swallow this Roosevelt pill with good grace and appetite. If I can only control the other Federal appointments in New York I'll be on my feet again.

(Platt, Hanna and Roosevelt sing together.)

We are the rulers of the land,
And soon from sea to sea
We'll shower swift on every hand
The horn of plenty free.

PLATT—Once more I'll be upon my feet.

HANNA—I'll hold, for aye, my present seat.

ROOSEVELT—The navy is my oyster, sweet.

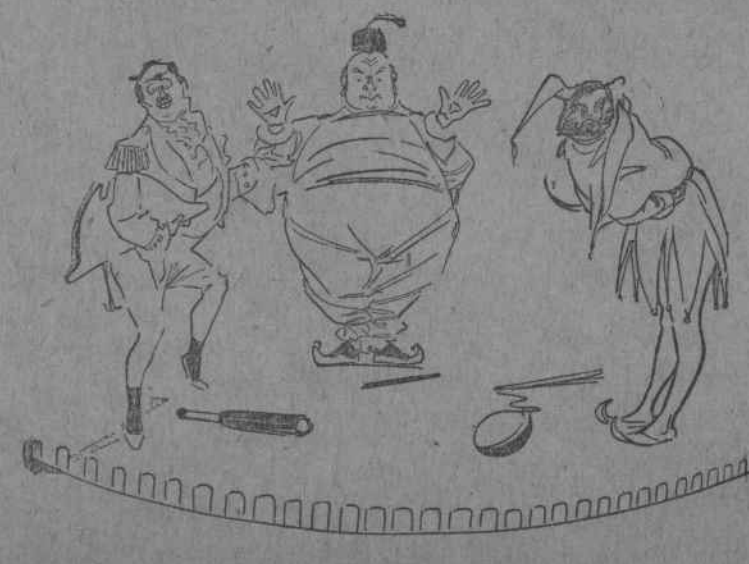
Oh, yes, the people all agree
That we are here to stay;
We run the land from sea to sea,
And run it every day.

PLATT—Oh, I'll be on my feet once more.

HANNA—I'll run the country like a star.

ROOSEVELT—I'll rule the sea, but hold the shore.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A Moment with
the Chappies.

SWINGING up Broadway yesterday afternoon was Frank Ellison, looking very much as he used to in the old days before that unfortunate night when his temper got the better of him and he committed the assault on Billy Henriques that sent Ellison to Sing Sing.

As I came face to face with him there was a look of half recognition on his part, and then he gripped his teeth and passed on.

It didn't seem as though Ellison cared much about renewing old acquaintances, and so I didn't stop him. There are some things in a man's life that are his own, and while I'd be glad enough to see "Biff" Ellison rehabilitated and would do my little to that end, the look on his face yesterday was a notice to keep away from the reservation of his shame and its sorrow.

He has the air of a man who is working out his own salvation in his own way. Otherwise he was the same old "Biff." He is just as straight, his shoulders are thrown back just as far, his step is just as aggressive, and there is a defiance in every glance, attitude and movement that bespeaks the temper of his mind.

His hair is a little grayer than it was five years ago, his mustache is shorter and his clothes are not up to that top notch of fashion that was wont to characterize them. He looked more like a hardworking man of business than the associate of clubmen and a gay chip in the current of the Broadway swim.

One other thing that attracted my attention was the fact that he was walking on the less frequented side of the street. In the old days the crowd couldn't be too thick for him.

Among the April marriages just announced is that of Miss Mary Alice Smith and Mr. Samuel Walter Taylor, which will be solemnized in the Church of the Transfiguration on the 24th inst.

Mr. Taylor is well known to all the "horse" set of heavy swells, and is very popular. He and Jack Astor edit the Rider and Driver, and thus combine mind and money for the elevation of the horse and the edification of the public.

Congratulations to Mr. Taylor will be many and warm on his good fortune in winning so charming a bride.

Count Hadik de Futak, sometimes referred to as Count Hartack de Fewsitz, is said to be on the eve of forming a business co-partnership with that elongated, energetic and electrical genius, Nicola Tesla.

That's a good thing for Hadik. Tesla will yet be rich and famous if he doesn't kill himself with overwork. He is as restless as electricity itself, and sleeps only about three hours out of every twenty-four.

Hadik is a rather nice little chap, who would be much more tolerable if some enterprising press agent didn't persist in telling us every month or so what a great man Hadik is—how strong, how rich, how aristocratic and how popular in society.

Hadik's strong man stories are getting to be as much of a chestnut as his genealogy. If he inflicts them on Tesla as much and as often as he inflicts them on the public, it's good-by to poor Nicola, sure.

It looks as though Howard Gould, in ordering a new Niagara, had made up his mind to go in for size rather than speed.

If he can't have the fastest yacht he will have the biggest, and then maybe he'll get married and go on a wedding voyage.

Americans don't really feel the need of titles so much when they can make announcements like this:

The marriage of Henry Whitehouse, son of Fitzhugh Whitehouse, of Eastbourne Lodge, Newport, R. I., and Thornton Hall, Stony Stratford, England, and grandson of the late Bishop of Illinois, and Ethel, daughter of Sir George Duntz, Baronet, of Villa Moulton, Lizard, Brittany, has been set for Tuesday, May 4, at Dinard.

Although Mrs. Jimmie Kernoehan was not badly hurt by her fall on Saturday, the hunting set has been shaking its head quite solemnly ever since.

The general fear is that she will break her neck if she keeps at her present reckless riding.

She is probably the best horsewoman in all the hunting contingent, as most people will acknowledge without argument. But that isn't enough for her. She is absolutely fearless, and when she is on the back of a horse there isn't any obstacle that she won't send her mount at.

Jimmie is just as fearless and as reckless as his wife, and when they are both in the field it is always a relief to have the run end without an accident of some kind.

Years rest upon Willie K. Vanderbilt more lightly than upon any man I know. The older he gets the handsomer he grows. He has shaved off those little patches of whiskers that used to reach down his cheeks half an inch in front of each ear, but otherwise he looks very much as he did ten years ago. The gray is beginning to tinge his hair, but his complexion is clear and rosy, his eyes are bright, his figure is dapper and his step is light and springy.

He affects the theatre lately and was one of the most appreciative spectators of "Hot Stuff's" antics at Hoyt's Monday night.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

A Schemeur.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] "I will let you have the \$50, Bill," said the millionaire, "but I intend to secure myself by taking a mortgage on your property at the highest per cent allowed by law."

"Verily, thou art a hard man," moaned the millionaire's brother. "Think of my wife and little children."

"That is just what I am doing, Bill. Don't you see? You can tell the story, with a copy of the mortgage, to one of the papers for at least a cent hundred. Bill, you never did have any head for business. If it were not for me your wife and children would starve."

Saw His Little Game. [Cleveland Plain Dealer.] The contestants put on their gloves and the arena was cleared.

"High on," said the gladiator in the east corner. "Don't you see his little game?"

"What do you mean?" cried the referee. "I mean dose hundred cuffs he's wearin'. I've s'pose I want to get gashed up against dose jagged edges. I know what I'm talkin' about—me an' him gits our laundry done at de same shop."

And so with a smothered oath Gentleman Jim drew the deadly line from his wrists and tossed it over the ropes.

Fashion Item.

[Attention Globe.] At a meeting of the Married Men's Club last night a confessional was opened, and sixteen of the seventeen members present admitted that previous to their marriage they never saw their wives in their kitchen clothes.